

Even Minnie Couldn't Stand for This

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE REAL LOVE LETTERS

That He Received
Telling the Plans
OF HIS BRIDE TO BE



EAR—I have coaxed Aunt Henrietta to give me the daguerreotypes of grandmother and grandfather, and although I know they should be put away and kept carefully, I have them on my desk that I may from time to time smile into the gentle faces, and adore the quaint old costumes, and whisper to them—for they must understand, with their memories of youth and their knowledge of age, all the wonders of our love.

It must have been my thinking so much of them, I imagine, that brought me a strange and lovely dream last night. I fancied that I was walking in an old-fashioned garden, and that they and many other lovers of the past were there with me. The garden was sweet with roses and phlox and herbs, and had a great wall around it, shutting out the thunder of the traffic and the great city whose many windowed office buildings I could see against the sky. It was in truth a place of dreams and happiness and I hated to wake up, but with the day the thought has come to me that the garden has a real meaning. The wall is your love for me shutting out the rest of the world, the fragrance of the roses your tenderness, and my love for you the magic that brought all the lovers out of the shadows of the unknown to walk beside me. Isn't that a pretty thought? Something to cast a glamour over life's everyday little duties? Or perhaps you don't like to be thought a high stone wall. I'm sorry if the metaphor sounds uncomplimentary, but you must blame it on the dream and not on me.

With Great Seriousness

Bob Freeman and Mollie Arden were here this afternoon, and brought me with great seriousness a frying pan and a broiling iron, all wrapped up in tissue paper and tied with ribbons. They were so dear and funny about it that I couldn't help but laugh, but it was awfully nice to get even such useful things, because by merely shutting my eyes I can see myself broiling delectable chops over "my" stove, while something equally good simmers in the sauce pan. "Thus does love twine roses," you see, even about kitchen things.

Mother says it's best to get all aluminum things for the kitchen with some enameled ware, for she says cheap kitchen things are like false vows, often renewed and seldom satisfactory, isn't that good for mother? I tell her she grows wittier every day, but she only laughs at me.

P. S.—My wedding dress, or rather the satin for it, came home today together with a beautiful piece of point lace from my fairy godmother. And—will you think me foolish?—before I put it away, I kissed each fold and whispered a little prayer that the time might soon come when I shall wear it and become yours for always.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"I see," said the stage-struck youth, "that Mary Garden still lingers on foreign shore and might be said to be turning up her nose at her native America."

"Yep," said the stage doorkeeper, as he tore a clipping from a paper. "Mary seems well pleased on the other side and is in good for a story in the cable news most every day. Mary is afflicted with a common or garden characteristic known as temperment. She just coaxes it."

What's the Goin' To Do

"What's the goin' to do about it? Here when she came over last time she stalled off the custom officials who wanted to collect seven million dollars' worth of duties on her gowns and jewelry for some time, so if she really has a preference for frog legs and vermouth the corned beef and

cabbage of her native heath will have to look to some other fair throat, for a road to gastric haven.

"Mary is some girl and knows the benefits of advertising. She has the old time opera singers looking like bro-mide enlargements of counterfeit money, so take off your hat to her, kid, cause she's there."

"She didn't show any too great a consideration for her managers, and used to keep them jumping around like live chickens on a hot griddle, but the public wanted to see Mary and said managers had to stand for it."

"But I don't mind telling you, kid, that with all the admiration I have for Mary's pulchritude, taking in, as it were, her face and figure, to say nothing of Melba's colored hair, her talents and her voice, she's in bad with me."

"For why?" asked the S. S. Y.

"Well," growled the S. D. K., "when she pulled off that long-distance kissing marathon here in the good old U. S. A. she plumb overlooked me."

Our Little Girl Says, "Chewin' Gum?"

That's the kind of a girl I am! When my mother tells me not to do



a thing, I don't do it. I'm obedient, that's what I am.

"Mamma," I said to her after dinner today, "I have a penny!"

And she said, "Yes, if you promise not to spend it for chewin' gum."

And I said, "Aw right," and she gave me the penny.

And I went around to the candy store, and I said to the man, I said, "I want a stick of peppermint candy."

And I gave him the penny and he gave me the candy.

Then I walked to the door and then I walked back again, and then I said to the man, I said, "Will you please trade this peppermint candy for a stick of chewin' gum?" and he said yes, and he did.

And my mother said, "What did you buy with the penny I gave you?"

And I said, "A stick of peppermint candy."

I'm obedient, that's what I am.

Reddy Smith Chats On a Romance

Say, Jimmie, it don't make no difference to Dan Cupid wedder do matches he makes is yung or ol'!

Member de "sparrow" lady I was tellin' yu 'bout de udder day? Well dis mornin' she was back at hur ol' place ugain, feedin' de birds an' smilin' es happy es uh baby an' lookin' mos' ten years yunger. I was surprised till I sees dat dere's us nice lookin' ol' man wid her an' den I'm wised up too de story.

Seems den two had been in luv' wid each udder when dey was kids. Dey bot lived in uh country town an' both was poor people. Den he goes out west to make his fortune, an' promiss' to return to hur.

Eur people den moved to de city an' died off one by one, till she was all unione, an' she has wurked an' lived an' hoped for to git hur lover back all de time promissin' herself he wud come. De years goes by. He make uh bushel uh coin an' den starts to look fur hur. But he can't find hur nowhere.

De udder day she stabs hur toe an' falls from uh trolley car. Uh big crowd gathers an' 'mong dem's de ol' man. When he sees hur, he jes gives um cry, "Baila," and she heard him an' see's "John."

Well, dere ain't much more to tell—dey falls in each udders arms, an' den beats it fur uh minister.

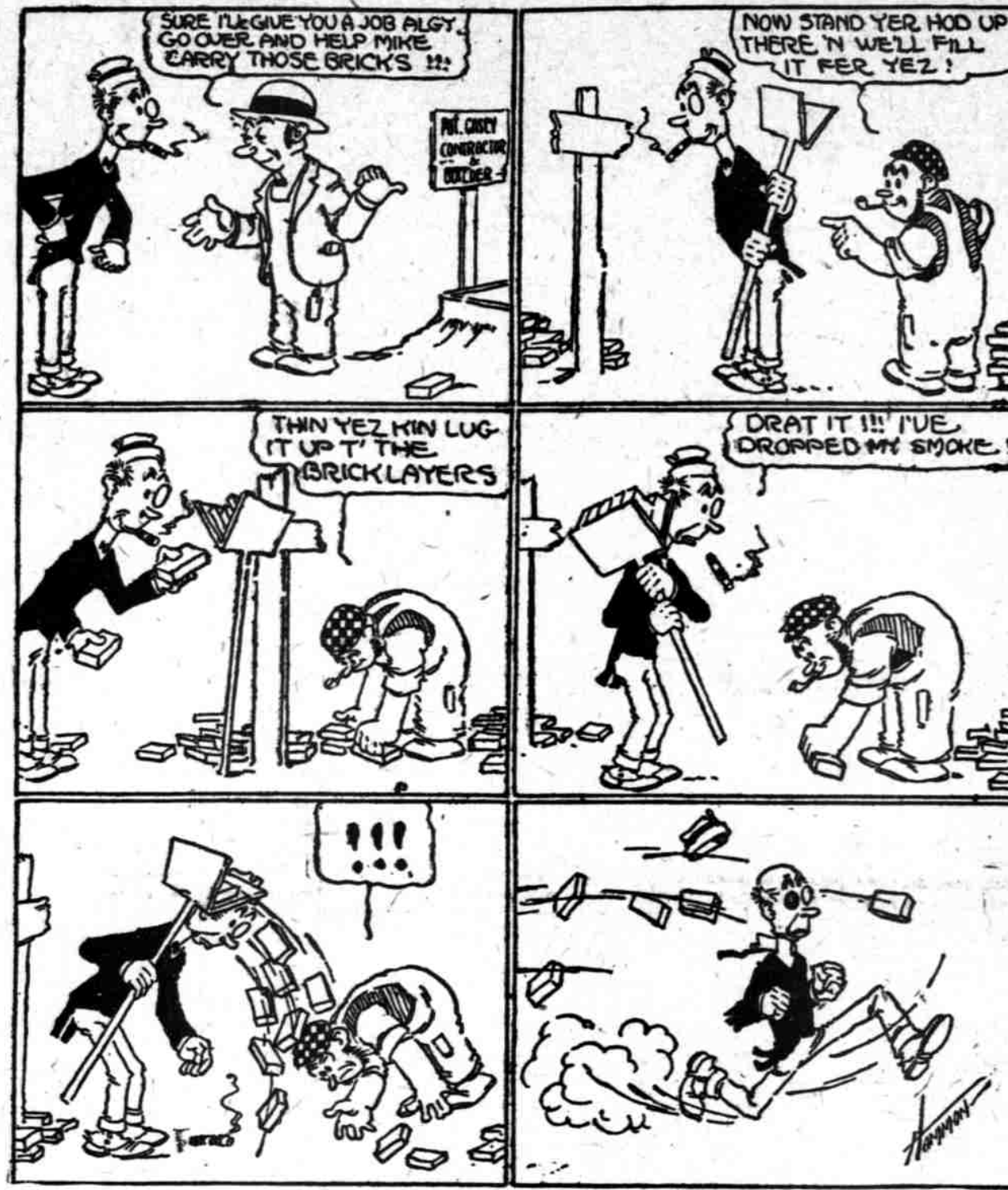
Dat's all, Jimmie, 'cept dey both took yunger dan dey are, now, an' Dan Cupid is one awful jussy kid!

By JAMES H. HAMMON

Drawn for The Washington Times

ALGY

IT HOD'LY SEEMS POSSIBLE!



Loretta's Looking Glass

SEEK HOLDS IT UP TO THE GIRL WITH THE SHORT SLEEVES



THERE is nothing funnier or more foolish than the effort of a well-meaning man to correct the folly of a girl who is NOT WELL MEANING.

Your "boss" sent for you. You entered his private office with the smiling indifference which you assume in order to impress him with the fact that you are neither fearful nor over-awed. The occasion demands no such acting. He sends for his employees to instruct them about the business. But you, because you are a girl, inject into the experience something apart from business.

New To Business Life

"Miss Blank, you are new to business life, I believe," he begins, and he is obviously fighting with his own disposition to send you out without completing the purpose with which he summoned you.

"Would you—that is, would it inconvenience you to wear long sleeves in the office?" he manages to ask.

"Certainly not." You respond with a frigidity that notifies him that you consider yourself insulted.

"Thank you." He responds, and turns to his desk, the disgust with girls in business rioting through him. It seems every man who tries to eliminate what does not advantage his business, and really harms the girls in it to be treated as if he were an ogre.

You sail out of the room. You rage inwardly at the weakness of men who cannot see a girl's arm bared to the elbow without thinking other than business thoughts. You utterly misunderstand a kindness, and you do more to complicate the position of

girls in the business world than all the men with whom they are associated ever can. You defend your short sleeves with the assertion that they save washing. They do. But at an expense of something else.

The world does half its thinking with its eyes. The impression of an office where several girls in short sleeves are pecking at typewriters is about as unbusinesslike as can be imagined. It's almost offensively indecent. The sleeve that looks dainty and becoming and feminine in the house amid surroundings it fills, looks immodest and inappropriate in



an office. I do not care what you think or how it feels! That is the way it looks! You give a cheap, un-ladylike impression of girls in business. An employer who objects to having his office atmosphere permeated with that impression has a right to tell you so without being treated as if he had offended your sex. As a matter of fact, he is putting you in a way to defend it.

Impression of Nudity

The other day I experimentally entered the retiring room for the girl employees in a large office building. The insane inmates made me pity the self-respecting, refined women who are obliged to earn their livings in the world that such feminine freaks pollute. The place before the mirror was jammed. I counted twenty puffs on one girl's head, and she was not an exception. And the short sleeves on most of them gave a breath-taking impression of nudity. And I thought a long thought. How much of the trouble that girls have in the business world from the attention of men is due to the deliberate wearing of clothes that open the way for personal comment and conversation.

If you business girls persist in wearing short sleeves, you need not be so much surprised—or indignant—when some man with open eyes sees your arms. And you have not cause to be affronted if he tells you so. He is quite justified in thinking you will hardly mind when you make a flagrant display of their roundness. He may think you WANT him to say he sees what you intentionally reveal. And maybe you do!

MAMIE TELLS BELLE To Marry a College Man, For COLLEGE EDUCATIONS HELP



ILL was up 't' the house las' night, Belle, and he brought a friend with him that just graduated from college. The advantages of a college education was written all over him, Belle—trousers tryin' desprately to flirt with his knees and showin' lavender socks that almost matched his red tie, rah rah hat pulled down over his ears, and all.

I got intersted right away, Belle; college men always did have a fascination for me. They're so han'some when the magazine illustrators put 'em in stories.

"Do you consider a man with a college education has any advantages over just a plain fellow?" I says to him, in my best little "to the editor of the Evening Clavicle" manner.

"Maybe I don't," he says. "Four years ago I didn't know a course in economics from a corset string. Now I can play any position from fullback to third ear. Some of the best pitchers in the big leagues are college men."

He was right, Belle. College cert'ly does develop a man, and in the few cases where it don't, they can always put on big red sweaters and pad their shoulders without lookin' out of place.

They're the Best Sort of Husbands

Marry a college man, Belle. There's no reason on earth why the pitcher on the college nine shouldn't turn out to be the champion of the block at pitchin' coal into the furnace, and there's somepin' wrong if the fullback that used to pound eleven strong men into insensibility at one pound, can't pound carpets like a professional after the president of the college ties a pink ribbon around his diploma and kisses him on both cheeks.

Even if he wasn't natch'ly bright at college and couldn't do any better'n to make the tennis team, that's the best trainin' in the world for makin' a man a first class fly swatter. And in these days of germs and sterilized babies, let me tell you an expert fly swatter comes in handy.

Then in courtin' time, Belle, you've no idea the satisfaction a man with a pair of well developed arms—not that Bill—anyhow, Belle, you see what I'm drivin' at.

Yes, Belle, if I ever have a son I'll send him to college if I have to take in sewin' to do it. I'll let him go the full four years, and if by that time he can't kick a goal nine times out of ten, I'll send him back for a post graduate course.

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

Pop calm home ery today, and ma sed, Grate hevins, Henry, were did you get those socks. You didn't have them awn wen you left this mornin'.

Wats the mattir with those socks, sed farthur.

Nothing, sed ma, ony they look like a sirkus porrade, a brass band, and a few othr things I cant think of at this momint, such as that hidius wall paper you wanted me to buy wen we had the house fixed up.

son, is there a steem orghn erround heer enywhere. Oh, no, he sed, it is yure socks, Henry, I deklare to goodness I thawt it was a steem orghn.

As a joker yure a lemin, sed pop, kum awn, Sammy, sed pop, and we wawked sum moar. After a wile, we met Mrs. Willson, wloh is a mayber.

Sumbodays a spoart, sumbodays a spoart, sed Mrs. Willson.

Wats that, sed pop.

Is That So?

Is that so, is that so, sed pop, well I dont think much of yure low shoes and awl, sed ma, I wondir you wasent arrested for creatin' a publick disturbance. Wares the ones you left the house with, she sed.

There was a big hole awl the way up the heel of I, sed pop, so I had to stop in a stoar and by the time I was hoam. And I think yure julius, thats wats the mattir with you, he sed, these socks are bewful. Im going out to take a wawk.

O You Spoart!

Sumbodays a spoart awl rite, sed Mrs. Willson, agh, goodness me, I thawt you was a kolidge boy with those socks. Kum awn, Sammy, sed pop, and we wawked sum moar. After a wile, we met Mrs. Perkins, wloh is a fat man and Bud Perkins farthur.

Hahaha, he sed, laffin, Tawker, will you let me wawk alongside of you? I nevir wawked alongside of a man with socks like that. Hahaha.

Kum awn, Sammy, sed pop, and he went into a stoar were they had kolers and things in the windo and he bawt a pare of black socks and sed to the man, Ware can I put them awn, and the man showed him and pop put them awn.

Can I go to, pop, I sed, and pop sed Yes, and I went to.

Wen we got to the kornir who shoed we meat but Mr. Johnson, wloh is peps friend.

Holy smokes, sed Mr. Johnson, puttin' his fingrs in his ears.

Wen wats the mattir, sed pop, have you got a eernake.

Wats that orful noize, sed Mr. Johnson.

A Man With a Past; Or, 2, 2, Mutch!

"I can't, I can't, I can't!" he groaned.

"Can you not?" she said, sympathetically. The girl loved him.

"No!" he cried. "I have a past, and

Sticky Stickers Easily Stuck

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY

"Do you feel anything?" whispered the wizard, leaning over his comsolent prey.

"Yes," answered the man—"will you please take your hand out of my pocket!"—The Pink 'Un.

Her Conclusion

"How do you know she's older than you are?"

"Why, she admitted it herself."

"Honestly? What did she say?"

"She said, 'You and I are just the same age, dearie.'"

A Proprietor's Trials

"We'll take the room at twenty a week on one condition."

"What is it?" inquired the hotel proprietor.

"Have you a basement large enough to accommodate forty-two trunks?"

Just Wait

Newlywed—What, twenty dollars for a hat? Why, that's simply ridiculous, my dear.

Mrs. Newlywed—That's what I thought, Harold. But you said it was all we could afford.



It is only fair that you should know. I would marry no girl on false pretenses. She might find it out afterwards. I have a past.

"Reveal it," she cried, softly. "I could forgive you anything." For the girl loved him.

"I told you that I left my home town to seek my fortune," he said, hoarsely. "That is not true. I had to flee it."

"One day—about 6 o'clock, it was, well I remember the time—a fellow townsmen passed me with his little bow. Suddenly the child fell, slipped, stumbled, to the street."

"Ah, I see it is son down! I remarked, gazing up at the sky."

"A number of citizens heard me, the news spread, and—well, to make a short story shorter, the town got too hot for me. Can you forgive me that?"

Shuddering, the girl shrank away from him. Her lips moved, but the power of speech had deserted her. Sadly he reached for his hat.

